Car Load Tractors Unloaded this Week. Appomattox Motor Co.

For Commissioner of Revenue

To my friends and the voters of Appomattox County:

I am glad to state that my health is improving and I hope as soon as the weather opens to be able to attend to the duties of my office as usual. I have engaged the services of Mr. James H. O'Brien, R. F. D. 3, Appomattox, Va., as my Deputy, who will assist me in my work, and I assure you, it will be done promptly and efficiently.

To set at rest the question of my candidacy, I wish to state here and now that I am a candidate to succeed myself as Commissioner of the Revenue, subject to the Democratic Primary to be held next August. While I may not be able to see and talk with you at your homes this Spring, as formerly, I trust to have that same friendly support you have heretofore given me which I have always appreciated more than I can tell you.

Your friend,
R. R. ARBITT

New Food for Thought.

It may be that civilized life has exhausted men's vigor and initiative, in which case a long period of primitiveness and uninhibited instincts may be required to restore the energy needed for fresh construction.—Bertrand Russell.

You Won't Need to File Your Teeth

Our meat is so tender that even people with the dullest of teeth find pleasure in eating it. Try some of the meat that always satisfies. I am now located opposite The Times-Virginian and am prepared to give you the very best of service.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

W. J. LEGRAND

STANDARD GAS AND OILS

Appomattox -:- -:- Virginia

TUBE FREE!

WITH EACH TIRE PURCHASED (CASH ONLY)

Beginning Monday, June 18th for a period of thirty days we will give absolutely F R E E one tube with each tire purchased for the cas

Our stock is fresh and consists entirely of Standard makes such as Michelin, United States, Firestone, Oldfields and Goodyear.

This extraordinary offer is made possible only by our recent cash purchase of several thousand dollars worth of tires and tubes.

THIRTY DAYS ONLY

Appomattox Motor Co.

Extraordinary Values in Shoes

The sample Shoe Store is offering some real bargains for the next ten days in men's, womens and children's shoes. All the new styles in Ladies patent leather grey, tan and combinations of two colors fro $2.95 to $4.95.

$4.00 Ladies' Satin Pumps, low heels and bay lou heel $2.95. 300 pairs Ladies broken sizes the real bargain counter. Any pair $1.00. $5.00 and $6.00 fancy colors, Ladies low shoes $3.95. $5.00 Men's Oxfords for the younger set $3.95. $4.00 Men's Welt Bench made oxfords, $2.95. $2.00 Children's Gun Metal, 1 strap 98c. Barefoot Sandals for boys and girls $1.15. $2.50 Girls Patent Pumps, 1 strap $1.98. Boys white trimmed with tan tennis shoes $1.25. $3.50 Boys Americus Oxfords $1.95. Don't fail to come in and see the bargains we are offering.

1110 Main Street **WILL WHITE COMPANY** Lynchburg, Va.

Mind First Master Himself.

Every man has his weak points. If he constantly keep them in mind and avoid them, he will ultimately gain mastery over himself. Only the man who masters himself can hope successfully to lead other men.

LIBERTY BAPTIST CHURCH
Rev. H. Parlett East, Minister

Services as follows:
Bible School at 9:30.
Preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.
Junior and Senior B. Y. P. U. every Sunday at 7 p. m.
Mid week services on Thursday at 7:45 p. m.
The W. M. U. third Wednesday afternoon in every month at 3 o'clock.
Sunbeams first Sunday afternoon in every month at 2:30.
The R. A. meets third Sunday afternoon in every month at 2:30.
The G. A. last Friday in every month at 2:30.

SCHEDULE FOR MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. W. G. Bates, Jr. Pastor

Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45. Preaching 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., Epworth League 7:15 P. M.
Children's service every first Sunday at 2:30.

Professional Cards

S. L. FERGUSON
Attorney at Law
Appomattox, Va.
COURTS—State and Federal

J. W. FLOOD
Attorney at Law
Appomattox, Va.
COURTS—State and Federal. Appomattox and adjoining counties.

LESLIE F. FERGUSON
Attorney at Law
Appomattox, Va.
Fire and Life Insurance Agent

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. J. W. Harper, of Nathalie, Va., visited his daughter and son here during commencement.

Mr. Hunter Smith and family of North Carolina, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. O. C. O'Brien has been on the sick list.

Miss Annie Laura Moore, of Crewe, Va., and Mr. H. E. Stewart, of Lynchburg, Va., spent the week-end at Mr. H. C. Babcock's.

Mrs. C. A. Hancock and daughter, Miss Virginia, are in Richmond on a visit.

Messrs. Mack Lawson, Earl Carson, Ned Hancock and William Burke have returned to their homes here after attending school for the past session at the V. P. I.

Mrs. J. H. Higginbotham and daughter have returned from a visit to Mr. J. H. Higginbotham at Culpeper, Va.

Messrs. Walter Durham, of Richmond and Terry C. Durham, of London, England, are expected home this week to spend a few days with their mother, Mrs. W. A. Durham.

Miss Christine Foster, of Pamplin, is visiting at the home of Mr. B. G. Anderson.

We are sorry to note that Mrs. Tyler Coleman continues ill.

Prof. Havilah Babcock is home for a few weeks vacation.

Rev. W. W. Pippen, Jr., preached last Sunday afternoon to a large congregation at the Hixburg school-house. Rev. Pippen was given an old fashioned greenback pounding.

The Sunday School at Petty's Fork school-house is conducted next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 by Rev. W. W. Pippin, Jr.

Mrs. Bernice Wilkerson, of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends here and in the county.

Mrs. Chandler Simpkins and daughter, of Richmond, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cawthon.

Mrs. Ellis Paris is sick at the home of her sister, Miss Alice Davis here.

Miss Macie Ings is home for her vacation.

Mrs. J. W. Patteson and daughter, Miss Earle, Miss Allie Marks and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Dess spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jordan, near Cullen, Va.

Mrs. H. D. Flood and children, of Washington, D. C., are at Eldon, their country home near Appomattox.

Mr. Marshall Ferguson had the misfortune to get his stable and a fine pair of horses burned on Friday afternoon. The community extends its sympathy to Mr. Ferguson.

Mesdames, Robert Caldwell and A. E. Bledsoe are visiting in Nelson county for a few days.

Miss Nellie Marks, of Lynchburg, has returned home a visit to her cousin Miss Earle Patteson here.

Mrs. F. A. O'Brien returned from Richmond last week where she attended the commencement exercises at Richmond college. Her son, Alfred and daughter Kate, were both graduates.

Mrs. Luther Throckmorton and little daughter are visiting her sister, Mrs. Jerry A. Burke here.

N&W Norfolk & Western

WESTBOUND
Effective May 28, 1923.
Leaves Appomattox, Virginia as follows:
No. 3 At 1:34 p. m for the west and southwest, sleeper Norfolk to Cincinnati and Columbus. Dining car connects at Lynchburg for Bristol. Stops to take on passengers for beyond Walton.
No. 15 At 2:07 a. m for the west and southwest. Sleeper to Bristol and Columbus, Ohio. Dining car. Stops to take on passengers for beyond
No. 29 At 12:03 a. m for Ritchfield, Bristol, stops for passengers for beyond Walton.
9, 7 At 10:31 a. m daily for Lynchburg.
No.5 At 6:37 p. m. daily for Lynchburg and Roanoke. Parlor car.
No. 41 Leaves Lynchburg (Southern Railway Station) 8:30 a. m for Bristol and the South. Sleepers to New Orleans. Cars also stopped upon the
No. 25 Leaves Lynchburg (Southern Railway Station) 9:05 p. m. for Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis, Nashville. Sleeping Dining car.

EASTBOUND
No. 30 C 3:54 a. m. for Petersburg, Norfolk, Richmond. Stops only on passengers for Petersburg or beyond.
No. 6 At 9:31 a. m. Local daily for Norfolk, connects at Petersburg for Richmond. Parlor car.
No. 4 D 2:17 p. m. daily for Petersburg, Richmond, Norfolk. Sleepers, Cafe car. Stops to take on passengers for beyond Petersburg.
No. 8 At 4:47 p. m for Petersburg and local stations.
For further information apply to agent at N. & W. Railway station.
W. B. BEVIL, W. C. SAUNDERS
Pas. Traffic Mgr. Gen. Pas. Agent
Roanoke, Va.

STIEFF

STANDARD OF EXELENCE
Other makes as low as $340
Fully guaranteed. Lowest Terms. Best terms.
Write Today

Chas. M. Stieff, Inc.
80 Years in Business
Lynchburg Va.

FOR OVER 40 YEARS

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been used successfully in the treatment of Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces to Expel the Inflammation.

Sold by druggists.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Buick

America's Smartest Car —and at a Moderate Price

What You Buy in a Buick:

THE luxury of a big car, smart and powerful. The economy of a small car, combined with driving ease which very few cars, large or small, possess. Women like it because it handles so easily and is so everlastingly reliable. Everybody likes it because it is a distinction to own a Buick, and without sacrificing economy.

Local Representative
EULA MAY BURKE
Appomattox, Virginia

Goodyear Tires are the most popular tires in the world today.

There must be a reason for this popularity. The reason is, they give more mileage and better satisfaction for the money.

That is the way we reasoned in our customers' behalf when

Goodyear appointed us as Goodyear dealers in Appomattox

H. M. BURGE
APPOMATTOX, VA.
THE ONLY THREE-STORY STORE IN APPOMATTOX

Poverty Has Its Blessings.

"Poverty has its blessings," remarked Uncle Jerry. "But we ain't to overlook de fact dat it's mighty hard to git 'em."—Boston Evening Transcript.

For County Treasurer

To the voters of Appomattox County:

I take this method to announce my candidacy to succeed myself for the office of County Treasurer.

I wish to thank the people of the County for their loyal support in the past, and assure them that I have endeavored to the best of my ability to prove worthy of their confidence imposed in me.

If re-elected I shall continue to give to the people the same prompt and efficient service which I have endeavored to render in the past.

I am a Democrat and submit my claims to the Democratic Primary.

R. F. BURKE.

Help!

A Florida paper says the mosquito in that state is so bright that the owls are dying of insomnia.—Saskatoon Star.

"Built Me Up"

"I USED Cardui for years and it did me more good than any medicine I ever used," writes Mrs. M. C. Ragsdale, of Fort Towson, Okla. "I used to suffer with womanly trouble that weakened me until I was a mere shadow, nervous, and could not sleep. I did not feel like I could live.

"It seemed that nothing helped me till I heard of Cardui and began to use it. It strengthened me and, as was recommended to do, it regulated and built me up till I was like another woman."

If you are weak, run-down and feel that you need a tonic, take Cardui, the woman's tonic, the tonic about which you have always heard, have a trial. Cardui has helped weak women regain their strength.

Cardui acts on the womanly system and helps relieve pain and discomfort due to female ailments.

Try Cardui, today, for your trouble.

CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Madeline, hurriedly collecting her securities and the considerable money she had in her desk, ran out, closed and locked the door, crossed the patio to the opposite side of the house, and, entering again, went down a long corridor, trying to decide which of the many unused rooms would be best to hide in. And before she made up her mind she came to the last room. Just then a battering on door or window in the direction of the kitchen and shrill screams from the servant women increased Madeline's alarm.

She entered the last room. There was no lock or bar upon the door. But the room was large and dark, and in it was half full of bales of alfalfa hay. Surely it was the safest place in the house; at least time would be necessary to find any one hidden there. She dropped her valuables in a dark corner and covered them with loose hay. That done, she felt her way down a narrow aisle between the piled-up bales and presently crouched in a niche.

With the necessity of action over for the immediate present, Madeline became conscious that she was quivering and almost sweating. Her skin felt tight and cold. There was a weight on her chest; her mouth was dry, and she had a strange tendency to swallow. Dull sounds came from parts of the house remote from her. In the intervals of silence between these sounds she heard the squeaking and rustling of mice in the hay. A mouse ran over her hand.

She listened, waiting, hoping, yet dreading to hear the clattering approach of her cowboys. There would be fighting—blood—men injured, perhaps killed. Even the thought of violence of any kind hurt her. But perhaps the guerrillas would run in time to avoid a clash with her men. She hoped for that, prayed for it. Through her mind flitted what she knew of Rafa, of Monty, of Nick Steele; and she experienced a sensation that left her somewhat chilled and sick. Then she thought of the dark-browed, fierce-eyed Stewart. She felt a thrill drive away the cold sickness. And her excitement augmented.

Waiting, listening increased all her emotions. Nothing appeared to be happening. Yet hours seemed to pass while she crouched there. Had Florence been overtaken? Could any of those lean horses outrun Majesty? She doubted it; she knew it could not be true. Nevertheless, the strain of uncertainty was torturing.

Suddenly the bang of the corridor door pierced her through and through with the dread of uncertainty. Some of the guerrillas had entered the east wing of the house. She heard a babel of jabbering voices, the shuffling of boots and clinking of spurs, the slamming of doors and ransacking of rooms.

Madeline lost faith in her hiding place. Moreover, she found it impossible to take the chance. The idea of being caught in that dark room by those ruffians filled her with horror. She must get out into the light. Swiftly she rose and went to the window. It was rather more of a door than window, being a large aperture closed by two wooden doors on hinges. The iron hook yielded readily to her grasp, and one door stuck fast, while the other opened a few inches. She looked out upon a green slope covered with flowers and bunches of sage and bushes. Neither man nor horse showed in the narrow field of her vision. She believed she would be safer hidden out there in the shrubbery than in the house. The jump from the window would be easy for her.

She pulled at the door. It did not budge. It had caught at the bottom. Pulling with all her might proved to be in vain. Pushing with palms hot and bruised, she heard a louder, closer approach of the invaders of her home. Fear, wrath, and impotence contested for supremacy over her and drove her to desperation. She was alone here, and she must rely on herself. And as she strained every muscle to move that obstinate door and heard the quick, harsh voices of men and the sounds of a hurried search she suddenly felt sure that they were hunting for her. She knew it. She did not wonder at it. But she wondered if she were really Madeline Hammond, and if it were possible that brutal men would harm her. Then the tramping of heavy feet on the floor of the adjoining room lent her the last strength of fear. Pushing with hands and shoulders, she moved the door far enough to permit the passage of her body. Then she slipped upon the sill and slipped through the aperture. She was no cat. Lightly she jumped down and ran. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Friends From the East.

Three days after her return to the ranch Madeline could not discover any physical discomfort as a reminder of her adventurous experiences. If it had not been for the quiet and persistent guardianship of her cowboys she might almost have forgotten Don Carlos and the raiders. Madeline was assured of the splendid physical fitness to which this ranch life had developed her, and that she was assimilating something of the Western disregard of danger. A hard ride, an accident, a day in the sun and dust, an adventure with outlaws—these might once have been matters of large import, but now for Madeline they were in order with all the rest of her changed life.

There was never a day that something interesting was not brought to her notice. Sillwell, who had ceaselessly reproached himself for riding away the morning Madeline was captured, grew more like an anxious parent than a faithful superintendent. He was never at ease regarding her unless he was near the ranch or had left Stewart there, or else Nels and Nick Steele. Naturally, he trusted more to Stewart than to any one else.

"Miss Majesty, it's sure amazin' strange about Gene," said the old cattleman, as he tramped into Madeline's office.

(To be Continued Next Week)

The Light of Western Stars

A Romance

By Zane Grey

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XI—Continued

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Grimy Hands Sought Weapons, and Then Every Man Stiffened.

saw some one. Grimy hands sought weapons, and then every man stiffened. Madeline saw what hunted men looked like at the moment of discovery, and she felt sick with fear. She closed her eyes, sick with what she saw, fearful of the moment when the guns would roar.

There were muttered curses, a short period of silence followed by whisperings, and then a clear voice rang out, "El Capitan!"

A strong shock vibrated through Madeline, and her eyelids swept open. Instantly she associated the name El Capitan with Stewart and experienced a sensation of strange regret. It was not pursuit or rescue she thought of then, but death. These men would kill Stewart. But surely he had not come alone. She heard the slow, heavy thump of hoofs. Soon into the wide aisle between the trees moved the form of a man, arms flung high over his head. Then Madeline saw the horse, and she recognized Majesty, and she knew it was really Stewart who rode the roan. When doubt was no longer possible she felt a suffocating sense of gladness and fear and wonder.

Many of the guerrillas leaped up with their weapons. Still Stewart approached with his hands high, and he rode right into the campfire circle. Then a guerrilla, evidently the chief, waved down the threatening men and strode up to Stewart. He greeted him. There was amaze and pleasure and respect in the greeting. Madeline could tell that, though she did not know what was said. At the moment Stewart appeared to her as cool and careless as if he were dismounting at her porch steps. But when he got down she saw that his face was white. He shook hands with the guerrilla, and then his glittering eyes roved over the men and around the glade until they rested upon Madeline. Without moving from his tracks he seemed to leap, as if a powerful current had shocked him. Madeline tried to smile to assure him she was alive and well; but the intent in his eyes, the power of his controlled spirit telling her of her peril and his, from the smile on her lips.

With that he faced the chief and spoke rapidly in the Mexican jargon Madeline had always found so difficult to translate. The chief answered, spreading wide his hands, one of which indicated Madeline as she lay there. Stewart drew the fellow a little aside and said something for his ear alone. The chief's hands swept up in a gesture of surprise and acquiescence. Again Stewart spoke swiftly. His hearer then turned to address the band. Madeline heard the word "Duval" and "Carlos" and "pesos." There was a brief muttering protest which the chief thundered down. Madeline guessed that her release had been given by this guerrilla and bought from the others of the band.

Stewart strode to her side, leading the roan. Majesty reared and snorted when he saw his mistress prostrate. Stewart knelt, still holding the bridle.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied, essaying a laugh that was rather a failure. "My feet are tied."

Dark blood blotted out all the white from his face, and lightning shot from his eyes. She felt his hands, his strong tongues, loosening the bonds round her ankles. Without a word he lifted her upright and then upon Majesty. Madeline reeled a little in the saddle, half hard to the pommel with one hand, and tried to lean on Stewart's shoulder with the other.

"Don't give up," he said.

He saw his gaze furtively into the forest on all sides. And it surprised her to see the guerrillas riding away. Putting the two facts together, Madeline formed an idea that neither Stewart nor the others desired to meet with some one evidently due shortly in the glade. Stewart guided the roan off to the right and walked beside Madeline, steadying her in the saddle. At first Madeline was so sick and dizzy that she could scarcely retain her seat. The dizziness left her presently, and then she made an effort to ride without help. Her weakness, however, and a pain in her wrenched arm made the task laborsome.

Stewart had struck off the trail, if there were one, and was keeping to denser parts of the forest. Majesty's hoofs made no sound on the soft ground, and Stewart strode on without speaking. Neither his hurry nor vigilance relaxed until at least two miles had been covered. The soft ground gave place to bare, rocky soil. The horse snorted and tossed his head. A sound of splashing water broke the silence. The hollow opened into a wider one through which a little brook murmured its way over the stones. Majesty snorted again and stopped and bent his head.

"He wants a drink," said Madeline. "I'm thirsty, too, and very tired."

Stewart lifted her out of the saddle, and as their hands parted she felt something moist and warm. Blood was running down her arm and into the palm of her hand.

"You—bleeding," she said, a little unsteadily. "Oh, I remember. My arm was hurt."

She held it out, the blood making her conscious of her weakness. Stewart's fingers felt so firm and sure. Swiftly he ripped the wet sleeve. Her forearm had been cut or scratched. He washed off the blood.

"Why, Stewart, it's nothing. I was only a little nervous. I guess that's the first time I ever saw my own blood."

He made no reply as he tore her handkerchief into strips and bound her arm. His swift motions and his silence gave her a hint of how he might meet a more serious emergency. She felt safe. And because of that impression, when he lifted his head and she saw that he was pale and shaking, she was surprised. He stood before her folding his scarf, which was still wet, and from which he made no effort to remove the red stains.

"Miss Hammond," he said, hoarsely, "it was a man's hands—a Greaser's fingernails—that cut your arm. I know who he was. I could have killed him. But I mightn't have got your freedom. You understand? I didn't dare."

Madeline gazed at Stewart, astounded more by his speech than his excessive emotion.

"My dear boy!" she exclaimed. And then she paused. She could not find words.

He was making an apology to her for not killing a man who had laid a rough hand upon her person. He was ashamed and seemed to be in a torture that she would not understand why he had not killed the man. There seemed to be something of passionate scorn in him that he had not been able to avenge her as well as free her.

"Stewart, I understand. You were being my kind of cowboy. I thank you."

But she did not understand so much as she implied. She had heard many stories of this man's cool indifference to peril and death. He had always seemed as hard as granite. Why should the sight of a little blood upon her arm pale his cheek and shake his hand and thicken his voice? What was there in his nature to make him implore her to see the only reason he could not kill an outlaw? The answer to the first question was that he loved her. It was beyond her to answer the second. But the secret of it lay in the same strength from which his love sprang—an intensity of feeling which seemed characteristic of those western men, single, lonely, elemental lives. All at once over Madeline rushed a tide of realization of how greatly it was possible for such a man as Stewart to love her. The thought came to her in all its singular power. All her eastern lovers who had the grace that made them her equals in the sight of the world were without the only great essential that a lonely, hard life had given to Stewart. Nature here struck a just balance. Something deep and dim in the future, an unknown voice, called to Madeline and disturbed her. And because it was not a voice to her intelligence she deadened the ears of her warm and throbbing life and decided never to listen.

"Is it safe to rest a little?" she asked. "I am so tired. Perhaps I'll be stronger if I rest."

"We're all right now," he said, "I can get you home by midnight. They'll be some worrited down there."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much to any one but you. That's the—the hard luck of it. Florence caught us out on the slope. We were returning from the fire. We were dead beat. But we got to the ranch before any damage was done. We sure had trouble in fluttin a trace of you. Nick spotted the prints of Majesty beside under the window. And then we knew. I had to ride hard. And if they'd come after you we'd never have got you back without a fight. I didn't want that. I had to rope Monty, Henry, I tied John to the bench. Nels and Nick promised to stay and hold him till morning. That was the best I could do. I was sure lucky to come up with the band so soon. I had figured it out, I knew guerrilla chief. He's a bandit in Mexico. It's a business with him. But he fought for Madero, and I was with him a good deal. He may be a Greaser, but he's square."

"How did you effect my release?"

"Why, I just came without the fight that the rebels all want. They need money. They're a lot of poor, hungry devils."

"I gathered that you offered to pay ransom. How much?"

"Two thousand dollars Mex. I gave my word. I'll have to take the money. I told them when and where I'd meet them."

"Certainly. I'm glad I've got the money," Madeline laughed. "What a strange thing to happen to me! I wonder what dad would say to that? Stewart, I'm afraid he'd say two thousand dollars is more than I'm worth. But tell me. That rebel chieftain did not demand money?"

"No. The money is for his men. We were comrades before Juarez. One day I dragged him out of a ditch. I reminded him. Then I—I told him something I—I thought—"

"Stewart, I know from the way he looked at me that you spoke of me. I wonder what he said. I'm curious. That interests me. What have Don Carlos and his vaqueros to do with you?"

"That Greaser has all to do with it," replied Stewart, grimly. "He burned his ranch and corrals to keep us from getting them. But he has—did it to draw all the boys away from your home. They had a deep plot, all right. I left orders for some one to stay with you. But Al and Stillwell, who're both hot-headed, rode off this morning. Then the guerrillas came down."

"Well, what was the idea—the plot—as you call it?"

"To get you," he said, bluntly.

"Me! Stewart, you do not mean my empire—what you call it—was anything more than mere accident?"

"I do mean that. But Stillwell and your foreman, the guerrillas want no money and arms, and they just happened to make off with you because you ran under a horse's nose."

"You do not incline to that point of view?"

"I don't. Neither does Nels nor Nick Steele. And we know Don Carlos and the Greasers. Look how the vaqueros chased Wo for you!"

"What do you think, then?"

"I'd rather not say. Once I heard Nels say he'd seen the Greaser look at you, and if he ever saw him do it again he'd shoot him."

"Why, Stewart, that is ridiculous. To shoot a man for looking at a woman! This is a civilized country."

"Well, maybe it would be ridiculous in a civilized country. There's some things about civilization I don't care for."

"What, for instance?"

"For one thing, I can't stand for the way men let other men treat women."

"But, Stewart, this is strange talk from you, who, that night I came—"

She broke off, sorry that she had spoken. His shame was not pleasant to see. Suddenly he lifted his head, and she felt scorched by flaming eyes.

"Suppose I was drunk. Suppose I had met some ordinary girl. Suppose I had really made her marry me. Don't you think I would have stopped being a drunkard and have been good to her?"

"Stewart, I do not know what to think about you," replied Madeline.

Then followed a short silence. Madeline saw the last bright rays of the setting sun glide up over a distant crag. Stewart rebridled the horse and looked at his saddle-girths.

"I got off the trail. About Don Carlos I'll say right out, not what Nels and Nick think, but what I know. Don Carlos hoped to make off with you for himself, for the same as if you had been a poor peon slave-girl down in Sonora. Maybe he had a deeper plot than my rebel friend told me. Maybe he even went so far as to hope for American troops to come him. The rebels are trying to stir up the United States. They'd welcome intervention. But, however that may be, the Greaser meant evil to you, and has meant it ever since he saw you first. That's all."

"Stewart, you have done me and my family a service we can never hope to repay."

"I've done the service. Only don't mention pay to me. But there's one thing I'd like you to know, and I find it hard to say. It's prompted, maybe, by what I know you think of me and what I imagine your family and friends would think if they knew. It's not prompted by pride or conceit. And so help me God, it's not prompted by—by—"

He broke off, and his face, which had been pale, flushed dark red. Madeline felt a sudden leap of her heart, and then a strange, sinking sensation. She knew what he was going to say. She knew that he was going to tell her that he loved her. And she felt herself powerless to prevent him. She could not stop him. She could not bear to hear him. She could not bear to see him suffer. She could not bear to see the look in his eyes. She could not bear to see the quiver of his lips. She could not bear to see the passion that shook him. She could not bear to see the love that was in him. She could not bear to see the love that was in him. She could not bear to see the love that was in